

mouth and jaws. Since she sat for the bust she has fully justified its title. Mme. Sargue has had several hair-bread escapes for her life at the hands of the very people who are now to her lights she is trying to serve. One of them befell her at Lens only a few nights ago. She received a telephone message asking her to address a meeting at a small outlying village. She was met on her arrival by three Socialists, who, after threats, tried to induce her to enter a building that was filled with her opponents. Three friends who were with her were making a fight of it, but she persuaded them that discretion on that point was the better part of valor, and they started walking back along the high road in the pitch-black darkness. Suddenly a woman ran out from a farm and whispered, "Follow me." She then led Mme. Sargue and her companions into the house, and the door was shut on the lights. "There is a gang waiting up the road to catch you," she said to Mme. Sargue. "They have sworn to kill you." She got the party out by a back door, and Mme. Sargue, looking in hand, with her friends also armed, cut across country back to Lens.

**ORGANIZES STRIKERS.**  
At Belfort last December during a strike she camped out in the fields with the strikers for several bitterly cold nights. The town was surrounded by troops. Mme. Sargue on one occasion, accompanied by an English governess, who insisted on sharing the adventure with her, tried to creep back to Belfort for shelter, but at the gate they were challenged by a sentry with a loaded rifle. They fell flat on their faces and crawled away to the fields again. At Montcaule-Mines, at Deuzeville and a dozen other places she has had similar adventures. Her present mission in life is to organize and lead strikes. Wherever a big strike occurs in France there she is to be found. Her addresses are of a decidedly incendiary character. She denounces capital and government and pretends to be a friend of the people, which she urges to overthrow all social barriers, to claim the earth and the fullness thereof, and run things to suit itself. She is an eloquent speaker and is not afraid to tell the owners and artisans some wholesome truths about themselves. "Give up your drinking habits," she says, "throw your vile abstinence and brandy into the gutter. What good will your Socialism do you so long as you ruin your health and muddy your brains with that poisonous rubbish?"

**LEADS HARD LIFE.**  
The life she leads is a hard one—in striking contrast to the luxurious existence that might be hers for the asking—but it seems to agree with her. Her face fairly glows with health; she has great physical strength and her energy is untiring. She has black hair, a rich olive complexion and full lips. On her propaganda campaigns she always wears a felt hat like a man's, a white skirt surrounded by a dark border, and her well-modeled and supple waist is set off by a crimson sash, the symbol of the revolution. Her beauty, her fine presence, her picturesque attire, undoubtedly contribute much to the impression she makes on her untutored audiences. But that indefinable charm called personal magnetism which she possesses in an unusual degree counts for a great deal more. Whatever view one may take of the doctrines she advocates, it is impossible to withhold admiration for the woman herself, the courage and enthusiasm with which she pursues her aims, and the self-sacrificing spirit she displays. Had she lived in medieval days, she might have been another Joan of Arc.

**SPIRIT OF REBELLION.**  
The spirit of rebellion against the powers that be runs in her blood. Her grandfather, for advocating agricultural reforms that did not meet with the approval of the government of his time, was banished to Algeria. Her father, M. Durand du Gros, joined the revolutionists of '48 when he was still a student. He was among the crowd that invaded the Tuilleries proclaiming the second republic. After the coup-d'etat he was under the necessity of making himself scarce to escape the mission of the third Napoleon. Disguising himself as a sailor he fled on board an American ship to the United States and became a citizen of the great republic of the new world. At Philadelphia he studied medicine, passed his examinations with great distinction and obtained his M. D. degree. After a time he ventured back to France under the assumed name of Dr. Phillips. At Nice he met the daughter of General Krupoff of the Russian imperial court, fell in love with her and married her.

The mother of "La Belle Anarchiste," raised in the atmosphere of the Russian aristocracy, had no sympathy with any movements that threatened to diminish the privileges and comforts of the upper classes. She was a fashionable woman, who delighted in all the luxuries that her daughter scorned. But unwittingly she contributed not a little to turning her daughter's thoughts to more strenuous spheres of existence.

**SICK OF PARIS.**  
"My dear mother," says Mme. Sargue, "had no sympathy with my unconventional tastes, but I grew sick of the everlasting round of balls at Paris where we had our town house and at Nice where we spent the season. The emptiness and frivolity of the people with whom we associated more and more, though I was filled with contempt for them. They seemed to live only to gratify their own selfish pleasures. I longed to make my life count for something—something that didn't begin and end with my petty self."

A man of property and wedded to a fashionable woman, M. du Gros, as he grew older, appears to have lost much of the revolutionary ardor and enthusiasm of his younger days, and found the calm atmosphere of scientific studies far more congenial than participation in movements for social upheavals whose ultimate consequences no man can foresee. But his sympathies remained with the proletariat. He had no desire to see his girl become a mere society belle. He took her education in hand himself. He taught her English. By the time she was thirteen she had read all of Scott's novels. Of Dickens, too, she early became a great admirer. Byron was her favorite poet.

**WANTED TO BE A DOCTOR.**  
When she was fifteen she took it into her head that medicine was the vocation for which she was best fitted. But her father didn't believe in women doctors and vetoed her suggestion.

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Probably the paternal veto alone would not have deterred her from following her inclinations, but for the fact that it was accompanied by a refusal to defer the expenses of attendance at a medical school in Paris. Then she broke out into open rebellion against the shackles of fashionable society and resolved to take her fate in her own hands and earn her own living. She began by teaching English, in which, thanks to her father's tuition, she was far better qualified to give instruction than many women of mature years. But her youth was against her. She could command only small pay. At eighteen she ventured on matrimony and made a failure of it. She was not cut out for the hum-drum life of domestic bliss.

She next turned her thoughts to the stage. She studied at the Brussels conservatoire and made such rapid progress that in less than a year she had secured a high prize. "That sufficed to secure her an engagement at the Gymnase in Paris at a salary of \$50 a month. She next appeared at the Theatre Francaise, where Madame Barly befriended her and predicted a brilliant career for her if she stuck to the boards. But she was beginning to find herself. It was the drama of real life that attracted her most. So she entered the profession that afforded her the best opportunities to see it and study it in all sorts of phases—journalism.

**BECAME NEWSPAPER WOMAN.**  
After getting some contributions printed, which proved that she could write well and forcefully, she was appointed the Brussels correspondent of a great Parisian daily. She described the Belgian miners' strike of 1893, the street fights which followed and all the rest of the struggle. She covered the miners' congress at Brussels in the year following. Her reports were so reliable, but were too much colored by her own convictions to suit the conservative journal which she served. She rebelled when the editor suggested that she should moderate her tone, and lost her position.

She next joined the staff of La Peuple, the well known Socialist, who a little later became a member of the Waldeck Rousseau cabinet. On this paper she was given full scope to "go" for the capitalists. She recorded all the great mining strikes. She attracted great attention for her vivid description of the pitiable conditions of women and girls employed at starvation wages in trades that were ruinous to health, and from which their employers derived huge profits. She was the first woman journalist in France admitted to report cases in the law courts.

**INHERITED LARGE ESTATE.**  
Her father died six years ago, and she inherited his large estate. That was the crucial test of her Socialistic creed. Would she practice what she preached? She gave immediate proof that she possessed to the full the courage of her convictions. She introduced the eight-hour day in every department. She increased the quality and quantity of the food given to the hands. She allowed them to knock off work for an hour in the middle of the day, and insisted that in general they should be treated as she herself would wish to be treated were she in their position. The result was that her expenses far exceeded her profits. The first year she lost more than 100 cart loads of hay, because, owing to the shortness of the working hours, it could not be gathered before the bad weather set in. She has been losing money steadily on her property ever since, but she still adheres to the system she has established there and will continue to do so as long as she has any property left.

**ABOUT BUSINESS.**  
To the practical minded man it would seem that she is really doing the cause she has at heart more harm than good by her experiment, since the net results thus far have been to demonstrate that the eight-hour system applied to agriculture does not pay. To that she answers she is not a good business woman and in other hands it might be made to pay. Anyhow, she contends, her financial success or failure counts for nothing, the all important thing is to educate agricultural laborers up to the point where they will refuse to work more than eight hours a day and then the things will adjust themselves to the new conditions, since man cannot live without the products of the soil whatever be their price.

Of late years she has thrown in her lot with the National Federation of Work, which advocates "revolutionary syndicalism." It is opposed to trades unionism, which seeks to obtain merely material improvements. The federation claims that it now embraces the majority of the workers in the country, and that the Socialist party proper is losing touch with the working classes altogether.

Mme. Sargue is now 35 years old. Though her energy and enthusiasm show no signs of abatement, and she bravely affects to make light of the ingratitude with which she has been treated by those for whom she has made the greatest sacrifices, there is a sad look in her face at times which shows that she feels it deeply. Her outlook on life is a pessimistic one. "I have seen so much of the dark side of existence," she says, "that I have been tempted to call human life a hell."

**A WORKING WOMAN FOUND NEW RELIGION.**  
(Continued from page seventeen.)

institutions, supported by funds given by Kozlowska, who has complete control of the treasury. Filled by the proceeds of the sale of indulgences and pictures of saints. A printing press does much to spread the movement; its latest production is a manifesto to the peasants, exhorting them not to give up the churches already won from the nobles, but to use the same time to refrain from violence as much as possible in defending their own.

Some of the peasant-communes have boldly told the church authorities that, as their money built the churches, they intend to keep them. Several village churches have formally been made over to the sect by order of the Russian government. In one or two cases the Polish patriots sent armed men to resist the "Cuffers;" these men fired the first shots, and a free fight ensued in which the revivalists were victorious, but in which several lives were lost on both sides. Then, in desperation, the bishops sent to Austrian Poland for three famous preachers, members of the Redemptorist Brotherhood, to come to Russian Poland and preach against the Socialists and the "Sons of Mary." But the Russian government gave permission for them to cross the frontier on condition that they should only preach against the Socialists and leave the "Sons of Mary" alone. They are now in Poland, but have been able to do nothing to stop the revival. So the matter stands for the present; the new sect is making converts daily, and Kozlowska, secure in the protection of the Russian government, is about to start on a tour throughout Poland.

**DREAMING AND FANATICISM.**  
The whole revival has created the more stir there because all such movements are absolutely unknown. It is characteristic of the country that a woman who is to say the least of it, hysterical should, by telling a few young clerics the experiences of her dreams, found a sect which, if it does nothing else, has already served to defy patriotism and the socialistic authorities. It is well to remember that this corner of Europe, with its Asiatic coloring and its strange mingling of dreaming and fanaticism, never fails to consider the possible consequences of its actions, and generally cool off its fervor, political, social or religious, before the western world has ceased to speculate on the

latest slavonic whim. For this reason it is quite possible that the "Cuffers" may not only redouble the number of their converts in a month's time, but also fall absolutely to pieces as soon as the foundress withdraws from them by retiring into a convent or is removed by death. However that may be, one thing is certain—the Polish patriots have a new enemy to face, an enemy that has sprung out of the greatest stronghold of Polish patriotism, the Roman Catholic church.

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**ORIGINAL OF LITTLE DORRIT.**  
The original of Charles Dickens' Little Dorrit is still alive at Southgate, England, where she has lived for more than half a century. Her name is Mrs. Cooper, and as Mary Ann Milton she was Dickens' playmate, the sister of his chum.



**I. L. RODITCHEFF**  
**A NEW RUSSIAN POLITICAL FACTOR.**  
Roditcheff is the "strong man" in the new Russian political arena. As the leader of the Constitutional Democrats in the duma his voice has already rung clear and fearlessly in denouncing the old order of things in the czar's empire, and his recent warning to the people that the czar's advisers are playing into the hands of the Terrorists in the hope of destroying the duma has centered the eyes of all Russia upon him.

## AFRICAN WITCH DOCTORS.

Who Cause Trouble in Peaceful South Africa.

**A**MONG the innumerable pests with which the unpeaceful land of South Africa is so liberally cursed, the witch doctor must take high rank. I, myself, have known a great many witch doctors of all degrees, from Fupajina, the mighty rainmaker, who professed to control the seasons, down to petty local practitioners who could do little more than smell out wizards and arrange to poison their neighbors, but of the whole number I cannot remember one whom I regarded with anything but disfavor.

Whenever there is trouble in a village it is always safe to blame the witch doctor; for if he did not actually plan it, he certainly assisted in the later stages. If any one dies mysteriously, twisted up into a knot by one of those ghastly vegetable poisons dear to the heart of the Kaffir, you may be sure the witch doctor supplied the dose. If a trader is boycotted, if his huts are burned and his cattle assailed, it was the witch doctor who brought it about. If a mine suddenly ceases to get labor, if the boys run away without any apparent reason, it means that the place has fallen under the ban of these pests.

If a tribe rises against the white man, it was the witch doctor who stirred up the passions of the people, and who gave the signal for the first massacre. The influence of these men is enormous, for witchcraft controls every action of a Kaffir's life, from the cradle to the grave. At his birth, the local magician threw the bones to discover if it were auspicious for the new arrival to live. His choice of a wife, his journeyings and hunting his seedtime, the sale of his cattle and his daughter, his friendships and his vengeance, all are determined by the witch doctor, and even after death the ghost of the departed still requires the ministrations of its former adviser.

Witchcraft is the main interest in the native's life. He revels in it. It provides him with an unending source of conversation, adds zest to existence, relieves the otherwise impossible tedium of the daily round in the kraals. Go

into the native districts, live among the Kaffirs, learn their languages, watch them in the fields, in the kraals, at the beer drinks, get to know them as intimately as is possible for a white man, and I guarantee you will never come across anything in the least resembling the assailing waves of terror of whom you read in the book. The less the less, you will see many interesting things, hear many weird tales, learn many gruesome secrets, as you sit beside the fire at night and listen to those deep, guttural voices.

There will be no hint of noble barbarism, no highland continent, no longings for independence from the triote reasons. It will be witchcraft, witchcraft, witchcraft, all the time. Grim stories of creepy spirits, the restless ghosts of the unborn dead, who cannot sleep with their fathers, but wander perpetually on the moonlit sides, tales of the hyena, the loathed and loathsome horse of the evil spirits; tales of the evil, the lion, and the snake, the sons of the evil spirits, tales of the eagle, the messenger of the departed. Then will come even grimmer stories still, a list of the wizards who have been smelted out by the witch doctors and removed by poison, by the assegai, or by the knobstick, a long list this, an appallingly long one, till you get used to it. Then you accept it as inevitable, as part of the Kaffir's very existence, and you realize that no legislation can ever stop it, for prosecution is useless where evidence is unobtainable.

If you have lived among the kraals the pictures you carry away will be very different to that you had before. The features, the shades, the assegais, the big, stalwart figures, will have vanished, and in their place you will see a dozen shrunken old men, huddled up in greasy blankets, squatting round a smoky little fire under the shade of a big wild fig tree, taking snuff with trembling fingers, while they plot to poison their neighbors.

And the central figure will probably be one even more shrunken and paler than the rest, a bearded, crafty old villain, with a string of charms and small black horns round his neck, a figure you always wheel about—the local witch doctor.—London Mail.

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